

the sixth edition of these two volumes, which were published separately some years since.

Considering the exceedingly low price at which this volume of upwards of six hundred pages is offered to the public, it is certainly very well got up, although we are sorry to see a good many misprints in its pages, which one would think might easily have been avoided in a work which has been so often printed. The entomologist perhaps may find these but trifling difficulties, but many of them will prove sad stumbling-blocks in the way of the ordinary reader. We should have been glad also to have seen a few alterations in the notes in some parts of the work, as for instance at page 155, where the reader is referred to Mr. Westwood's 'Introduction' for an "account of the facts hitherto recorded respecting" the *Strepsiptera*, although Mr. Westwood's book, having been published before the history of these singular insects was cleared up by the researches of Von Siebold and others, must necessarily give a very erroneous view of the present state of our knowledge of their mode of life.

An interesting appendix is formed by the addition to the volume of the account furnished by Mr. Spence to Mr. Freeman's Life of the Rev. W. Kirby, of the origin and progress of the 'Introduction to Entomology,' with particulars of the portions which are principally due to each author.

*Ferny Combes: a Ramble after Ferns in the Glens and Valleys of Devonshire.* By CHARLOTTE CHANTER. London, Reeve, 1856.

This is a pleasant little volume, written in a simple style, and commending itself alike to the tourist and valetudinarian, whom it would fain lead through some of the beauties of the 'far west,'—and whom it would seek to inoculate with that love of natural history which unfolds a new volume of hidden stores to the temporary sojourner 'midst Arcadian scenes, converting the barren moor, and bleak upland waste, into a paradise. Although its main object is, as indeed its title would imply, to point out localities for those species of our ferns which the authoress has detected in the fairy Combes of Devon, yet she distinctly disclaims any intention of entering the realms of science: "I write," says she, "for the votaries of health and pleasure, not for votaries of science. I write for those of less cultivated intellect, who, with an innate taste and love for all that is beautiful and divine in nature, too often wander in darkness where even a little knowledge would open to them worlds of light in the animal and vegetable kingdoms,—provided not only for use, but for endless interest and research into the works of their Creator." Her delineations of the country through which she conducts us are truthful and good,—clearly emanating from the pen of an observer, and bearing no evidence (as is too frequently the case in similar publications) that she has merely compiled from the works of others. The description (p. 17) of the inconveniences of a 'Devonshire lane' is marvellously correct; and to us, who have wandered, over and over again, through these 'arva beata,' prying into every nook and crevice between the limits of Lynton and Lundy, and have marked (to our cost) the sudden

change which comes over the 'face of the deep' when the bold promontory of Hartland affords us no longer its friendly shelter on our passage to the 'isle of rats,' her remarks are painfully suggestive of the past: "Ah! how the coast and sea alter as you pass Hartland Point! No gentle wavelets ripple over the sand, but sturdy Atlantic billows, rolling in from the far west, come bounding over the stony strand, and leap high into the air as they strike against the projecting masses of rock." (p. 26.)

Her picture, too, of Clovelly is manifestly 'drawn from the life;' as is also that of the entrance into it, by the well-known "Hobby-drive,"—"a road terraced along the cliff, winding in and out through deep wooded glens and over trickling streams; whilst, below, the blue sea shines between the branches, and the waves make gentle moan upon a beach you cannot see" (p. 28). Clovelly is indeed a wonderful spot, and "any one," says our authoress, "who would venture down its street must leave his dignity behind him, and get down as best he can,—fortunate if he have not a hard tumble or two by the way." Another writer has aptly described it as "a small fishing-village built on the steep slope of a cliff, and looking almost as if the whole place had been wrecked from some large ship, and had cleverly contrived to scramble on shore, and clamber up the rocks just beyond high-water mark, but had never been able to reach the summit\*."

In the concluding portion of her volume, Mrs. Chanter pilots us through the 'pixied haunts' of Dartmoor, and leads us into many a wild and unvisited retreat. From the top of Lustleigh Cleve she surveys, amidst craggy Tors, the teeming valleys beneath,—and taking up her harp, in all the warmth of a poetic imagination, exclaims: "It is a place in which one longs to linger and drink in all its charms. It is a place from which one cannot turn without a sigh of regret; a place that comes back in pleasant dreams of happy hours; a place one seems to have known somewhere, somehow,—long, long ago." (p. 67.)

The last chapter of this little book contains some directions on the cultivation of ferns, and the three or four preceding ones descriptions of the species of these plants, referred to in other parts of the work. These descriptions appear to be copied for the most part from Mr. Moore's works, and they are illustrated by some pretty good coloured figures.

## PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

November 13, 1855.—Dr. Gray, F.R.S., in the Chair.

CHARACTERS OF SOME APPARENTLY NEW SPECIES OF BUCCONIDÆ. By PHILIP LUTLEY SCLATER, M.A., F.L.S.

#### 1. BUCCO HYPERRHYNCHUS.

*Tamatia hyperrhynchus*, Bp. MS. et Consp. Vol. Zygodact. p. 13.  
*B. supra fulgenti-niger; fronte lata et superciliis anticis albis:*

\* June: a Book for the Country in Summer-time. By H. T. Stainton (London, 1856), p. 65.